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RICHMOND'S PAMPHLETS REVIEWED:

OR,

. THE PRIEST

OF

CEDAR GROVE

CALLED TO ORDER.

BY A SOUTH-CAROLINIAN.

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"Verily, there is a march of Science;—but, alas! who shall beat the drums for its retreat?"

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**New-York:**

**JONES & WELSH, No. 104 NASSAU-STREET,  
NEAR ANN-STREET.**

—  
**1845.**



# A LETTER

TO

THE REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND,

PRESBYTER OF RHODE-ISLAND, AND BY HIS OWN SHOWING,

PRINCIPAL AGENT OF THE CONSPIRATORS,

IN THE

RECENT COMBINATION TO DESTROY

THE BISHOP OF NEW-YORK.

BY A SOUTH-CAROLINIAN.

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" Verily, there is a march of Science ;—but, alas ! who shall beat the drums for its retreat ? "

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" It is an historical fact, of which all the Bishops who hear me must be fully aware, that for the last two years, or for nearly that period, there has been every possible effort made in this Diocese, to destroy the Bishop. "

DAVID B. OGDEN, Esq., *Counsel for the Respondent.*

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New-York :

JONES & WELSH, No. 104 NASSAU-STREET,  
NEAR ANN-STREET.

—  
1845.

" For, regarding not wisdom, he gat not only this hurt, that he knew not the things which were good ; but also left behind him to the world *a memorial of his foolishness* ; so that in the things wherein he offended, he could not so much as be hid."

ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by

JONES & WELSH,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern  
District of New-York.

# A LETTER

TO

THE REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND.

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REVEREND SIR,—

I have *carefully* perused your extraordinary reply to the Bishop's Statement, which reply you call "Pamphlet No. 2." I say this to you *frankly*, notwithstanding it exposes me, in your estimation, to the amusing charge of having paid your production "*that respectful deference which a pupil pays to his master's horse-whip.*"

I have been somewhat surprised to find so little notice taken of your publications; and I cannot but tremble for the honour of the Church, whenever I think of the mischievous character of your pen; for, "*as a minister of malevolence, you are eminently worthy of being hired; and, as a dispenser of fame, you certainly deserve to be very well fed.*"

I have seen but one formal reply to your first pamphlet. That reply was a small publication of eight pages, entitled, "Richmond in Ruins," said by the "New-York Express," to be "*a biting critique.*" Its *size*, when compared with its *title*, satisfied me in a moment "that the vigour and success of the war had not quite come up to the lofty sounding phrase of the manifesto;" and yet, to use a mercantile phrase, it *may* have been considered "*a tall gun,*" when viewed in connection with the object at which it was fired. In vain, however, did I look for some more extended notice of your doings. Still, I thought I saw in those few remarks, quite enough to "stagger" you; indeed, sir, the title, itself, was sufficiently ominous to produce this result. And, by your omission to notice that reply, you have paid the writer thereof a great compliment,—a thing which he might easily infer from the facility with which you dip into the "*learned languages.*" In other words, you have omitted to notice his pamphlet; he may infer that you *cannot*; and, he may even presume that you are ignorant of the language in which it is written, viz., the language of TRUTH. Such an omission, however, I should think would be pardonable, as no man should ever be required to speak or write in a language with which he is obviously not familiar.

But, sir, however dark and unintelligible this language may be to

you, it is one in which I shall always endeavour to write. It is my mother-tongue, and I would affectionately commend its adoption to your most serious consideration.

By your own admissions, plain Saxon is much more comprehensible to the general reader, than all your learned scraps. Now, do not be frightened at this *seeming* digression. Plain Saxon is much more closely allied to Truth, than you seem willing to admit; and let me remind you once for all, that if you will only make one desperate effort to tell the truth, you will see the plain Saxon "*coming of itself*:" and, finally, if you should be so fortunate as to succeed in this laborious effort, you will behold this self-same Saxon, the most pleasing drapery of Truth, standing out in bold relief to your astonished view. You will of course perceive, from my style, that I do not adopt the strictest definition of the term *plain Saxon*, being very well satisfied with that adopted by you, viz., *any thing but the so-called "learned languages."* And let me now express the hope, that as you are "making a little book ready about the gain which Englishmen would get by speaking and writing in the English language," you will think seriously of what I have already said, and may yet say, on this interesting topic.

Suspect me not, sir, of being uncharitable. I am aware that your case is desperate; and I am well satisfied that you are beginning so to consider it, yourself. If one may judge from your *first* pamphlet, you seem to be fully sensible that a candid and straight-forward article from your pen, would command but little attention among intelligent men; and, accordingly, your remarks are interspersed with many smart Italian and Latin sayings, in order that you may work your way more advantageously with another class,—a class with whom every thing which is dark in style, is necessarily profound in thought, and with whom all high-sounding phrases and incomprehensible terms, pass current for extensive learning and great research. You will not, therefore, be surprised, when I tell you that I have frequently heard people say respecting yourself, "why, the fellow's crazy; but, he is evidently a man of talent, or he would not be able to give us a little of every thing in quite so small a compass; *therefore*," say they, "he cannot be so crazy as to be unable to make reliable statements respecting the Bishop and himself." A precious *therefore*, indeed! A fine reason, to be sure, for supposing that you do not mean what you say on page 12 of Pamphlet No. 1—viz., "*herein also was my conspiracy made manifest!*" Sir, you mean *exactly what you say*; and you ought to know that a Conspirator, whether *sane* or *insane*, is ever prepared for all kinds of statements, telling the truth or *not*, just as he pleases. For my own part, I hold you to be no more *crazy* than the occasion requires; and, hereinafter, it may appear, that you are not only capable of doing yourself much credit by assuming the character of a certain young gentleman, the bearing of whose position upon a noted Convent is doubtless familiar to your mind; but that you can move in the sphere of the *Princess* with dignity and ease; and, moreover, that you would find no difficulty in taking the palm as a

*Spy*, in the employ of the *Superior*, who asserted her responsibility for the Salvation of all who had gained an interest in the Charity.

I am aware that you will be somewhat amazed at the appearance of this letter. I can almost fancy that I hear you ask—"What impudent scribbler is this, who dares to join issue with me, seeing that I have no understanding of the kind? Who is this anonymous fellow, that dares to question my veracity—the veracity of a 'RICHMOND,' who, whether '*in the field*' or *on the farm at Bloomingdale*, is decidedly the most valiant son of the eighth generation of a 'noble family?' My last pamphlet is a reply to the 'Statement of Facts;' what right, therefore, has *he* to speak as though I were in controversy with him?" Thou foolish Priest of Cedar Grove! Hast thou no recollection of a *precedent* that would put thy soliloquy to the blush? Then, if you please, just consider my relation to you in this controversy, as being somewhat akin to that which your distinguished friend, the Rev. Dr. Potts, sustained for a short time, towards the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, whilst the latter was writing his didactic essays on the Church for the columns of the Commercial Advertiser. Now, it may be that I have put into your mouth, words entirely too far removed from the vulgar phraseology which would naturally be chosen by you in a soliloquy. But, don't be alarmed: every decent man who reads your pamphlets will appreciate this remark.

Before proceeding to notice any particular portions of your reply to the Bishop's Statement, I would respectfully invite your attention to the following opinion of the press, touching the merit of your first production, the "Conspiracy Unravelled;" an opinion which is none the less valuable for having made its appearance in a paper which maintains a hostile attitude towards every thing peculiarly Episcopal, and which is published at the Eastward, where you were well known, even long before your pious aspirations for the Episcopate in Turkey led you to venture, like a bird without tail-feathers, in an unsteady flight through the regions of the old world to that *sacred spot*, where, as you tell us on page 7 of Pamphlet No. 1, you witnessed a *horse-race* among the "poor, terrified, unbacked colts, that flew riderless, gunpowder-driven and self-goaded, through the Corso, in the Carnival at Rome." After saying that two or three catchpenny pamphlets have appeared to gratify the morbid curiosity which has been excited by the proceedings of the Court, in the case of the Trial of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, the writer proceeds—"One of these pamphlets is from the pen of a queer genius named Richmond, who is well known in the latitude of Rhode Island, by his Don Quixotte knight-errantry in behalf of exclusive Episcopacy, Apostolical succession, &c. The *professed* design of this performance is to disprove the charge of a conspiracy against Bishop Onderdonk, but its *real* design, evidently, is to show that its eccentric author is a very great man, and upon very intimate terms with a large number of other very great men; that he 'nodded to Dr. Anthon, \* \* \* \* whispered in the ear of Dr. Hawks, and told him to bide his time to be a Bishop;' that 'he started on a voluntary mission to the 'Turks,' and went on his way with Bishop

Gríswold's letter in his pocket to Lambeth Palace ;' that he 'dined with Mr. Newman, of Oxford, and breakfasted with Sir Robert H. Inglis, and the Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury ;' that he offered himself to Bishop Onderdonk to 'preach in Tompkins' Square, New York, as he had for two summers under the Catholic Oak and elsewhere in Rhode Island ;' and withal, that he regarded his 'Turkish mission as the most glorious enterprise of his life.'— Whatever may be the different opinions about Bishop Onderdonk, we have heard but one in relation to this publication of Mr. Richmond, viz: that it will do vastly more harm than good. It has been greedily seized hold of by such men as Bennett, and published almost at full length in the columns of the Herald and other papers of that class, to gratify the depraved appetites of those who delight to feed upon carrion!"

Doubtless, sir, you will recognise the above opinion of the Christian Watchman, as being remarkably descriptive and wonderfully just. It may, however, strike you as not being sufficiently *brief*. I will therefore present you with another, rather more concise ; and, as you are evidently fond of plain Saxon, you will see that it is much more faithful in this respect than the above. It is one that I met with in a periodical very ably edited ; which has never yet asked the favour of being considered religious, even for a single moment, during its whole career ; and, notwithstanding it takes strong ground against the Bishop, it speaks thus respecting yourself:—

"One James C. Richmond claims to have moved this prosecution. His writings show him to be a hot-headed, vain, egotistical fanatic. He appears to be a clerical mountebank—an Ecclesiastical Don Quixotte—a learned blockhead. He has evidently been a voluntary cat's-paw in the whole matter, making the charges, working up the ladies, by appeals to their Christian feelings, sense of duty, and pride of martyrdom,\* to give evidence."

You must try, reverend sir, to receive these honest opinions of the press with the same spirit in which they appear to have been penned ; remembering always, that plain language, if couched in decent terms, is perfectly compatible with an earnest desire to elevate even the moral bearing of a Priest.

I must now ask your attention to some of the most remarkable passages in Pamphlet No. 2.

Immediately after one of those peculiarly impressive sentences—"let it never be forgotten," you speak of the "hue and cry now raised about *conspiracies* and other misnomers." Now, sir, I should like to ask whether you do not think that the idea of a *conspiracy* was rendered very prominent by the unexpected appearance of a pamphlet entitled, "The Conspiracy Unravelled, by one of the conspirators, viz.: James C. Richmond?" And I would further ask, whether you would really like to hazard your reputation for fairness, by asserting that in your *heart* you do not believe, that in that pamphlet you most unwittingly, yet conclusively established the fact,

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\* As for instance, when Miss Helen M. Rudderow saw the Christian resolution of her sister Jane, and exclaimed, "*Let us die together.*" Pamphlet No. 2, p. 15.

that a well-defined conspiracy had been set on foot against the Bishop of New York? These, sir, are questions which I should like to put to you *personally*. I do not say that the *idea* of a conspiracy owes its origin to the appearance of your pamphlet, but I *do* say, that, from that pamphlet I learn, that you were concerned in a conspiracy long before the publication appeared, and that others interested prevailed upon you to come out in that barefaced manner in which you have acknowledged yourself to be the prime mover, or chief clerical tool or agent in one of the darkest conspiracies ever contemplated by designing men. But they who have employed you as their agent in this unholy warfare, did, no doubt, honestly suppose that the public, in consideration of your peculiar mental constitution and consequent *privilege*, would entirely abandon the idea of a conspiracy. They never for one moment supposed that you would have thrown out such variety of detail; if they had, they would never have employed *you* to put out a pamphlet. The prosecution of their plans would have been confided to some *more cautious* child of misfortune. But the die is cast. The story is too well told; and you, alas, will not consent to be discharged, notwithstanding your employers have been made to feel very sensibly that you had transcended the functions *proper* to the office you were engaged to fill.

You will now expect me to show wherein you have been employed as an *agent*. The process is simple. You know you have said, openly, respecting your visit to Philadelphia, that your expenses would be *paid*; and it was clearly proved in court that you were employed as an agent to obtain the depositions of the Misses Ruderow, and Mr. and Mrs. Beare; and, to use the language of the associate counsel for the respondent, you were "*sent on from Philadelphia for the purpose of collecting these old stories, and giving them shape and form.*" But *now*, forsooth, you seem to shrink dismayed at the *sound* of the word "*agent*;" and then, gathering up all your impudence, you tell us to go to Rhode Island and ask some old proud Rock "*whether it ever heard of a RICHMOND's being employed;*" but even *this* you cannot do without indulging in some ludicrous remarks about the name of a Dutchman,—remarks which are only pardonable on the ground that you are wholly ignorant of the history of my ancestors. I am willing to admit there is much in a *name*; still I think *you* should be more modest, and not claim for yourself quite so much of that which is *good*, on the score of the moral bearing of your forefathers;—but rather try to think of what your learned friend Dr. Hawks thought of Aaron Burr, *after saying of him that "Society was benefited by the removal of a festering mass of moral putrefaction."* Here it is—"If Piety were an inheritable quality, Aaron Burr would have been a very holy man." Ponder it well. It will teach you to be modest and unassuming.

In the next place, you will expect me to *prove* that you have refused to relinquish your *agency*. The burden is light; though, from the pamphlet before me, I learn that you would now shift the issue, by asserting that you never said your expenses *would* be paid, but that they *should* be paid. Before I close this letter, I shall present

for your edification a short epistolary correspondence between yourself and one Mr. Butler, which will settle this matter to the satisfaction of all concerned. For the present, however, I will suppose that you spoke *imperatively*; and then I will simply connect this fact with another stated by you on page 14, about one "poor I" being "*minus*"\* up to the present period. Having done this, I will bring into the account the systematic form which your publications have assumed, and the one and twenty threats made therein respecting "new trials" and forthcoming developements. When I have done all this, I will take the liberty to infer that you are *determined* to write until your expenses are all paid; and then I will ask in all candour whether I have not made out a case against you, based upon evidence much stronger than that on which a great part of the recent presentment was built. Indeed, sir, I have no hesitation in speaking of it as *apparent*,—that I have proved, almost to a demonstration, that you *will not relinquish your agency*.

For reasons which appear to be quite satisfactory to yourself, you tell us that your "*first pamphlet contained no assertions about your own motives, conscience, feelings, duty, &c.*" I assure you, sir, that I was not a little surprised when I read this remarkable declaration; because I happened to remember your spirit-stirring appeal to the Misses Rudderow, wherein you exclaim, in reference to the most important part of your agency, "*I have discharged my conscience.*" And, at another time, when you *fancied* yourself to be treated with much coolness by the Bishops and other clergy, I find the following pious, ejaculatory expression, in regard to your "*feelings*:" "*I hope God will help me to live without shaking hands, except where I have an earnest desire for it.*" Now it is certainly more than I can do, to tell precisely what you mean by *discharging* your conscience. If you mean what you *say*, then the matter is settled, and you stand before the public in a position, which, to say the least, is somewhat foreign to that stated by you in Pamphlet No. 2, as your *original design*. If I am *not* to understand you thus, then *the discharging of your conscience* in so important a matter, must surely be recognised as an "*assertion*" that your "*motives*" were pure and your "*duty*" plain: so that, if there be any force in language, I think I have convicted you of "*telling a story*,"—a mild phrase, used in the plural by yourself on page 6 of No. 2. Besides, sir, you have not, surely, forgotten the "*furious storm which raged during the night of Oct. 18,*" when, under a painful sense of *duty*, you made "*such free use of your tongue as the statute of limitations required,*" and "*gave two clergymen to understand that the time for flinching was past.*" Nor can you forget that your *security* against being *crushed*, is found recorded on page 13 of Pamphlet No. 1, in these remarkable words: "*I dare them to the onset, and forthwith one of the six will die!*"—All that you say about the impossibility of ascertaining the true character of your motives, is perfectly absurd; and, to say the least, it is very strange doctrine for a clergyman to uphold.

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\* The righteous eateth to the satisfying of his soul: but the belly of the wicked shall want. Proverbs, xiii. 25.

The same passage of Scripture from which you quote the *deceitfulness* of the heart, speaks also, and with much plainness, too, about the *desperate wickedness* (not to take the marginal reading) of that heart. All this, however, is left in the shade, in order that you, a Priest of the living God, may reduce the sacred character of the text to the level of a humorous joke. The heart indeed is deceitful and desperately wicked; and, as a minister of the Gospel, it is your part and duty to preach this doctrine, in order that the deceived sinner may turn unto the LORD, and regulate his heart and life by the rule of God's holy law;—a law which, when prayerfully obeyed, will so enable him to pass through this troublesome world, that both the deceitfulness of his heart and its desperate wickedness will be effectually removed. In short, sir, it is the heart of *stone* which is so deceitful, not the heart of *flesh*; and the Church encourages us to believe, that when any of her *true* sons are elevated to the *Priesthood*, there will be so much of the “heart of flesh” within them, as will give them a *realizing* sense of some manifest change. You have no doubt heard it said by those unacquainted with the doctrines of our Church, that “*Episcopalians do not believe in a change of heart.*” I would respectfully suggest whether this assertion may not be supported by an appeal to the *senses*, in reference to the sickly fruit found upon a certain tree in the vicinity of Cedar Grove.

I now find myself compelled to speak of the Rev. Paul Trapier, who, notwithstanding you say he “wrote his pamphlet like a *Christian*,” had the mortification of seeing it “unmercifully abused and torn to pieces.” Now, if this gentleman's narrative is really open to much severity of remark, no person reviewing it should, for the simple purpose of pleasing Mr. Trapier, adopt such weakness of expression as would peril the force of his remarks. Your insinuations on this topic, bring to my recollection the case of a certain person, who reminded the Editor of the “Churchman” how careful he ought to be to separate men of good hearts from their exceptional writings, whenever, in the good Providence of God, the latter may be subjected to the discriminating touch of his pen; while at the same time, this very individual was unable to discover any thing out of the way in the columns of the “Protestant Churchman,” a paper which charged upon the Oxford writers a *motive* almost too base to put on paper,—and which is only here recorded for the reconsideration of him who penned it: it is this—*the ruin of soul and body in hell!!*

Let Mr. Trapier make his own complaints. *He* says nothing about the so-called *abuse*, and I imagine that he cares less. His pamphlet no doubt owes its origin to his firm conviction of the absolute necessity of a *public* Confession. He knew that if he should confess his sin, God would forgive him; and he also knew that such confession would be a mere mockery, if its publicity was not proportioned to the evil he had done; hence the origin of his unpretending narrative. Therefore, I say again, let Mr. Trapier speak for himself.

But whilst it is admitted that *he* wrote like a Christian, pray how

did *you* write? "Like a *man*?" Yes. And you tell us that you intended your writing should act *merely* as a "deserved castigation!" But you say *infinitely* more than this, when you state that the accomplishment of your object was found in a note from the bookseller, informing you that "several thousand a day had been sold." Now, sir, if the Ecclesiastical Authority of Rhode Island be not sufficiently potent to arrest you in a career so manifestly injurious to the Church, then, surely, there is something "rotten in Denmark."

Much has been said of late respecting the *Churchmanship* of yourself and that of the Rev. Paul Trapier. The highest regard has been claimed for *your Pamphlets* and *his Narrative*, on the ground of your well known adherence to certain principles set forth in the "Tracts for the Times;" and some persons have been weak enough to inquire how it is that you and Mr. Trapier could be suspected of promoting the evil designs of a *party* whose peculiar views you had never espoused.

Now I take the Rev. Mr. Trapier to be a *gentleman*; and it may not therefore be *right* to speak *severely* of *him*. Still, *his* instrumentality was severely felt in bringing about the suspension of the Bishop of New-York;—and, it is not the first time in the history of human affairs, that an amiable man has been persuaded to exchange the quiet of the domestic circle for the loathsome occupation of hunting up charges and accusations against men in authority, with the alluring idea that he was actuated only by a sense of duty; while in *reality*, he was the mere tool of a *party*, to which he had been secretly commended by the keen sagacity of some low-church phrenological spy.

It would be difficult, however, to tell what *you* are. At any rate, I have no doubt that your *Churchmanship* will be pretty well disposed of in this letter.

I must now call your attention to a remark made by you on the fourth page of Pamphlet No. 2, wherein a "*misstatement*" is charged upon the Bishop. After quoting Bp. Onderdonk's allusion in his Address, to the special proof he had received, of the "confidence and affection of the Clergy and Laity," you ask, with an air of unbridled civility, altogether peculiar to yourself, "Why then did they vote for *principles*, eighty to twenty, *with him*; but on *his salary*, no vote could be obtained?" Now as you have been pleased to infer that the Bishop ought not to have made the above allusion, inasmuch as by the above vote he must have been well satisfied of the alienated affections of the people of his spiritual charge, and as I have not at hand the journal containing that vote, I shall undertake to show by the action of the *last* Convention, that you have entirely missed your mark. I am aware that I am now treading on delicate ground; but the nature of the case demands that I should be well understood. I shall deal with you, however, as tenderly as may be consistent with a due regard for your reform.

When, at the last Convention, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright had finished the reading of the Address of the Bishop, one Mr. Hamilton moved, by resolution, that the business of the House be suspended, for the purpose of introducing a resolution respecting that

portion of the Bishop's Address which relates to the support of the Episcopate. This resolution was declared to be *lost* by a large majority of both orders. It may, at first sight, appear strange, that this majority should be composed of the Bishop's warmest friends. But without remarking upon the manifest *policy* of Mr. Hamilton in proposing to suspend the business of the House, I shall pass on to the next important fact, which is the *unanimous* adoption of a resolution offered by Mr. Higbee on the same day,—a resolution, in purport, the same as that offered by Mr. Hamilton but a short time before, and which provided for the appointment of a committee of seven.

The very next day, the Rev. Dr. Milnor, as Chairman of the Special Committee, made a report in its behalf, recommending the adoption of the following resolutions, viz. :

“ *Resolved*. That this Convention explicitly recognises its obligation to pay the Bishop annually, the interest of ninety thousand dollars, including the amount with which they have been generously assisted by the vestry of Trinity Church.”

“ *Resolved*. That the Rectors of Churches be earnestly requested to present the subject of the Episcopal fund to their respective congregations, and to take such measures as may be best calculated to effect a faithful compliance with the Canon on this subject.

“ *Resolved*. That a committee of seven be appointed to devise some additional measures for hastening the completion of the Episcopal fund, to its originally proposed amount of one hundred thousand dollars, and to discharge the arrears of the salary which was pledged by the Convention to the Bishop for his annual support.”

The first of the above resolutions was sustained by the Clergy and Laity, *almost to a man*; having been opposed only, on the part of the Clergy, by the Rev. Drs. Anthon and Stone, and the Rev. Messrs. Childs, Shimeall and Messenger. On the part of the Laity, the vote stood 87 to 6.

No effort was made, as some have supposed, to defeat the object of the second resolution. There was some opposition, it is true; but that opposition was aimed only at the *amendment* of Mr. Betts, which provided that Rectors and Lay Delegates to the Convention be requested to *name* the amount they intended to raise. The original resolution was carried; and, for aught that the journal says, the vote was *unanimous*.

The *third* resolution, we are told, was adopted *unanimously*.

But this is not all. While this matter was under consideration, an hour arrived, when an exciting topic became the order of the day. But so determined were this large majority to complete their action in regard to the Bishop's *salary*, that they actually postponed *the order of the day* for the purpose of effecting that object.

And will you venture to assert again that the Bishop of New-York was guilty of “misrepresentation” in alluding to the tokens of regard he had received from the members of his Convention? I have no doubt that you will. You have already proved yourself capable of doing things quite as bad. Let me illustrate.

On page 12 of Pamphlet No. 2, you tell us, that “among gentlemen,” your “word is as good as an oath!” I will not accuse you, however, of having said this without some hesitation,—as I happen to remember that a moment before this, you *volunteered* an *oath* in sup-

port of your word ! And, when a gentleman in Priests' Orders finds it necessary to bolster up an ordinary remark with the light literature of a frightened convict, as developed by you in the phrase, "*I'll take my oath*," he ought surely to know what his word may be worth among gentlemen. All this may appear to you to be rather *prosy*, but I cannot help that. I am no poet. My simple object is to tell the *Truth*; and, I do not mean that you shall ever have *me* "impeached" for withholding the same from a Clergyman who seems to take delight in devoting his talents to "*the great scandal and injury of the Church of CHRIST*." No, sir, whenever I have any thing of importance to communicate to *you*, depend upon it, I shall never be contented with saying it "*to myself*" on leaving your door.

Having now settled with you on account of *salary*, I shall try and say no more about pecuniary matters, except, indeed, it be to sympathize with you in the painful condition in which the late Ecclesiastical Court left you, when, as you observe on page 14, "*it actually dispersed to the four winds, without even requesting you to send in your bill*" for services rendered.

When I reflect seriously upon your extraordinary movements within the last few months, and view the moving causes of the recent Presentment in all their ramifications; when I think of the unscrupulousness of the means adopted to produce a result by which it was supposed the Church would be benefited,—and then reflect upon that remarkable suggestion made by you in a private note to the Rev. Dr. Milnor, respecting the Bishop, viz., "*may not degradation save his soul?*"—when, I say, I think of all this, I cannot but associate the position you have all along occupied, even down to the present time, with that which the young Baron de Brisville sustained towards the Convent of St. Mary, as described by the Princess de St. Dizier in the Romance of the Wandering Jew; and, as you are so much out of the way of seeing things in print, I shall here take the trouble to place a few passages in juxtaposition with each other, so that you may not fail to discover the analogy between your own character and that of the young Baron.

*The position and character of the Baron de Brisville.*

1. "He is a man full of ardent devotion in these times of revolutionary impiety."

2. "He can render the greatest services; he is listened to with attention in the chamber of peers."

3. "He is not without a certain sort of aggressive and provoking eloquence, and I know no one who gives a bolder bearing to his belief, a more impudent demeanour to his faith."

*Extracts from Pamphlets Nos. 1 & 2.*

"All temporal dignities and honours are unspeakably less than nothing, when compared with the salvation of an immortal soul." No. 2, p. 3.

"Rt. Rev. Fathers—I accuse the Bishop of New-York." . . . . "This speech of mine, capped the climax; and the paper was signed." . . . . "COME, I said, and he, Bp. Chase, marched down like an elephant into the house of Bishops."—No. 1, pp. 10—11.

"Not with more earnest desire did that unfortunate prince, who felt bound to avenge a father's bloody fate on the guilty usurper, look back to the cloistered studies of Wittenberg, than I looked to the retirement of the delightful cottage, the study, the books, the prattlers, and the missionary labours in Rhode Island, from that stormy sea of excitement into which the loud and distinct

voice of *stern and unflinching duty* called me. Believe it, misrepresent it, laugh at it, it is nevertheless true; and though Sparta has a hundred better sons, yet it is equally true that she has lately had but one who was willing to offer his head for the salvation of the followers of the false prophet; *and but one who was bold enough to do just what I have done.* I yield them the palm in learning, in genius, in talent, in elegance of pen and tongue, above all, in goodness, in almost every quality;—but in self-devotion and in moral courage, as they call it, (for to me it seems nothing,) I believe neither enemies nor friends will deny it to me.”—No. 2, p. 4.

4. “His calculation moreover, is a correct one.”

5. “That cavalier and off-hand manner of talking about holy things, excites and stirs up the curiosity of the indifferent.”

6. “Fortunately, his circumstances are such that he can conduct himself with audacious violence toward our enemies, without the slightest danger, which naturally redoubles his zeal as a candidate for martyrdom.”

“I simply waited for an opportunity to move, *when I could move with certainty, and be sure to succeed.*”—No. 1, p. 6.

“Thank Heaven! Bp. Griswold made *me* a Priest without having taken any ‘*advantage of the Deacon.*’ . . . If a man does not wish to be hanged, let him commit no murder; and what dandy in Broadway, but has a lurking suspicion that there is something holy in another man’s wife.”

“But the present aspect of the utter abominations which that trial discloses, when compared with a view of the unrepentant, hypocritical, and sanctimonious pleadings of the hardened offender; and the bare-faced and reckless, justice-perverting and heaven-daring *conspiracy* of those six party-loving and truth-eschewing judges, would make men tremble for the Church, if she were not built upon the Master’s promise, as upon the unshaken Rock.”—No. 2, p. 11.

“In a word,” says the princess, “he is *ours*, and in return, we owe him”—*just what you please.*

Having thus favoured you, I would again direct your attention to that most remarkable passage in your letter to the Rev. Dr. Milnor, viz.:—“*May not degradation save his soul?*”

In the name of humanity, whither are we tending? Mark the cool impudence of the Priest who can speak thus lightly of the severest penalty which the Church can inflict! *Who* gave thee authority to make that suggestion? At what time, and in what place was this controlling power confided or delegated to the Church—the power of promoting the spiritual interests of an individual by torturing his body, or blasting his reputation forever? With what consistency do you assert, on the cover of your pamphlet, that “*none can ruin a man except himself?*” And *you* are the man who has talked about “*throwing dust in our eyes!*” Yes, “*thou art the man;*” the man whose pious solicitude for the salvation of the *soul*, will not allow him to stop for a single moment, to inquire what it is that *justice* seems to demand, respecting the infirmities of the body; the man who would have no proportion between crime and its penalty; the man who has tyrannously and iniquitously suggested that ruin and desolation be inflicted on an erring fellow Christian, simply by way of *experiment!* But so it is. The *end* justifies the *means*. If the *motive* be pure, if

the *Church* is to be benefitted, if the *soul* is to be saved, no means are too diabolical to be employed in producing the desired result. This, alas! is the besetting sin of the age in which we live;—and, notwithstanding all the cowardly attempts which have so frequently been made to fasten this loathsome vice on some particular religious body, as its peculiar property, I am free to say, that, not excepting our *own* household, the Church, it pervades *all classes of the community*, and sooner or later, it will be visited with the righteous indignation of Him, in whose holy service no modern Inquisition, nor any human agency whatever, may *compel* even the meanest rational being to enlist.

The skilful surgeon decides upon the amputation of a limb, as soon as the life of the patient is endangered by its diseased condition. But however confident may be the physician, that decapitation would stop the ravages of disease, I never yet heard of one bold enough to suggest so painful a remedy. And why? Because he would thereby become a transgressor of the law; and because he would shudder at the thought of placing himself before God in the same position of the man who could find it in his heart to suggest that *DEGRADATION might save the Bishop's soul*.

Before I leave the above remarkable suggestion, made by you to Dr. Milnor, let me ask whether the cause of *Truth* would not be somewhat promoted by the publication of the entire note. It can hardly be supposed that that letter can be altogether unimportant in other respects. If the simple suggestion—*may not degradation save his soul*—is really *all* that your letter to Dr. Milnor contained, you certainly had a right to expect that he would “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,” that which you had so prayerfully considered and shrewdly put forth.

On page 6 of Pamphlet No. 2, I find the following amusing language: “Must I defend Bishop Meade too? No, let his unassailable life defend him! Would I could say so of all the men who cried, ‘*not guilty*,’ and then *all but* hung, they did ‘*suspend*’ the *guiltless*. Let that fact be written with a pen of iron on the rock of Justice, to be obliterated never! No statement of the minority can weigh a feather against it, forever.”

Now, although *you* are willing to let Bishop Meade’s “*unassailable life*” defend him, yet the public have recently had some twenty or thirty pages of the most conclusive evidence, that the Right Rev. gentleman *himself* did not think it either *prudent* or *safe* to rest his defence on *such* ground. Still I am of the opinion, that it would have been much better for him if he had been wise enough to adopt such an alternative. As the matter *now* stands, Bishop Meade’s printed defence is about as much on a par with Mr. Trapier’s Narrative, as any other forthcoming defence can well be. Both pamphlets appear to have been put forth as a public Confession. But even in this respect, Bishop Meade’s is *lame*, while that of Mr. Trapier is marked with *ability*. In the case of the former, the confession is found in the form of a “Defence;” whilst the latter claims to be but a simple “Narrative of Facts.”

Touching the ingenuity of your *puns* on *suspension*, I will simply

say, that if you are not more careful, you will never be "buried" by the side of your "forefathers," where "seven generations of that noble name" are in silent repose; for, I am afraid that your clerical puns will present you in such an imposing light, that your mortal remains will be claimed by some fraternity of punsters, and distributed among its members as the best safeguard against the dangerous encroachment of a serious thought.

But whence this high-sounding speech? "*Let it be written with a pen of iron on the rock of Justice, to be obliterated never. No statement of the minority can weigh a feather against it forever!*" Verily, one might suppose that you have grown *desperate*, because the Bishop of New-York has not been degraded: But even suppose this to be the case; who can fail to admire the fervid eloquence of a man as yet but partially successful in his laudable efforts to save an immortal soul? Only to think of it! Six Bishops, who had previously adjudged the Respondent *not guilty*, now voting *for his suspension!* I can make but little comment on such behaviour. But I *will* say that you ought to know that the first balloting, for the *verdict* of the Court, was in no way connected with the subsequent balloting for the *penalty* in the case. And when this Court met to determine what penalty should be inflicted, the six Bishops were ordered by the Canon under which the Court convened, to proceed with the majority of the Court in passing sentence upon the accused; and, accordingly, with much consistency of purpose, we find them voting for "*the mildest form of admonition* allowed by the Canon." But when *this* proved ineffectual, they were moved by every dictate of humanity, and constrained by every Christian consideration, to pass on to the next grade of penalty, and connect the strength of their votes with those already cast for *Suspension*; and by so doing, they saved the Respondent from what they conceived to be, the unmerited sentence of *Degradation*. And so far as the attribute of *Mercy* is concerned, the "six Bishops" stand infinitely higher than those whose votes fell from degradation to suspension; and this, because of the *indecision* of the latter. I cannot here refrain from expressing my conviction, that every vote cast for *Degradation*, owes its origin to some such tender solicitude as that conveyed by you in a note to Dr. Milnor.

It is not a little curious to observe that you find no fault with the six Bishops for having voted for *Admonition*. Your fire is directed against them for having been so wicked as to vote for the *Suspension* of the accused. Now, every man of common sense must immediately see that one is just as bad as the other. *Your* reason, however, for making a distinction like this, is obvious. Had they been half so *blind*, as you are *designing*, and persisted in the vote for *Admonition*, they would no doubt have been as innocent as lambs in the eyes of your "employers;" for, your diabolical suggestion to Dr. Milnor would then have been acted upon, and the Bishop of New-York would have fallen under the awful sentence of *Degradation*.

When this letter falls, as it doubtless will, into the hands of the venerable Rector of St. George's, I trust he will not for a moment indulge the thought, in reference to the use I have made of

his name, that I have at all questioned *his* fidelity to the Bishop of the Diocese. I know nothing but what "Mr. Richmond's Reply" has stated. Pardon me, sir. I have spoken to you in the insipid terms of the third person; but I shall not stop to harmonize. You must take it as it comes.

When, on page 8, you say that you asked the Bishop *whether he was aware that it was in your power to render him more service than any other Presbyter*, you tell us coolly that you had not *the slightest intention* of saying that you *would* render that service; but that you simply wished to lead him to ask, "*What do you mean, sir?*" Alas! your object was defeated. "*He blushed and was silent.*" You mean by this to show that the Bishop's statement of your desire to *return to his Diocese and stand by him in his troubles*, is untrue. And how do you think you have succeeded? Do you suppose that we, who know and love the Bishop, cannot account for so common a thing as the modest "*blush*" which almost invariably succeeds the sensation produced by the egotistical remark of a friend? Say what you please hereafter about this *blush*: that which you have already said, or insinuated, is but a sad developement of the *inward man*. The *silence* which you charge upon the Bishop, I shall say nothing about, as you go on *yourself* to show that quite a conversation ensued, respecting "vacant parishes, &c.," during all which time, you never even gave the Bishop a *hint* of any *mistake* on his part about the main object of your visit. And yet, on page 9, you have had the *manliness* to record this remarkable fact: "On leaving his door, I said to *myself*, you do not wish me in your diocese; but *I can't have you in yours!*" Now, sir, if you are *sincere* in saying that you wanted Bishop Onderdonk to ask with some emotion, "*What do you mean, sir?*" in order that you might "*go on and state*" the true object of your visit, why did you not, *before* you had left his study, say to *him* in an audible voice, that which you so *sneakingly* said to *yourself* while leaving his door? If you had, there would have been no difficulty about the matter; for the Bishop would *then* have asked you, "*What do you mean, sir?*" with the same decision of character that led one John Duer, on a certain memorable occasion, to make a practical illustration of the beauty of prompt canonical submission.

The fact is, Reverend sir, that notwithstanding you represent yourself to be a man of so much *nerve*, yet, after all, you *must* acknowledge that you were fairly put to flight by the mere *blush* of an honest man. Your only protection seems to have been that of *saying things to yourself while making your exit!!* Why, even the boy who exclaimed, "Don't strike me, I said *not* to myself," had *first* the courage to meet his adversary *face to face*, and tell him openly and above board that he considered him a liar! Now remember this boy was excused, first, because he had the courage to *tell what he thought*; and secondly, because he possessed the adroitness to neutralize in a moment the severity of the charge. I cannot, however, put you on a par with this boy. He appears to be infinitely before you, both in respect to moral courage and mental sagacity.

I was about to notice your remarks in reference to "The Churchman." But the editor of that paper is abundantly able to take care of himself; and I have no doubt that if you had proved yourself capable of addressing gentlemen in terms befitting your *station*, he would have taken some little notice of you before this. I fancy that if your "employers" wish to call out the editor of the Churchman on any particular point, they will find it necessary to confide the matter to a *Man*; that is, to a person who will "order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters,—who will hurt nobody by word or deed; but be true and just in all his dealings, and bear no malice or hatred in his heart;"—and, he must also be one who will have *judgment* enough to know when his questions have assumed an impertinent shape.

It is somewhat painful to observe how sneeringly you speak of those who dare to think that such a thing as reinstatement awaits the suspended Bishop of New-York: do not take this as a *compliment*, for nothing that *you* might say could give me pain. It is for the honour of the Church that I have thus been led to express myself—the Church which you are dishonouring by the systematized iniquity of your plans. "Laugh at it if you please. It is nevertheless true." The "*lion-hearted Richmond*" is the man who has recently received the fulsome adulations of the vulgar; and this same "Presbyter of Rhode Island" is the man whose "noble bearing" has called forth the high encomiums of one of the most villainous writers that ever put his filthy conceptions in the form of a pamphlet. But to return to the matter of reinstatement. There is a class who bow to the decision of the Court, by holding their Bishop incapacitated for the performance of all Episcopal acts, and who prayerfully look for the time when he will be restored to his Diocese. And should they hold him to be *guilty*, still his position is precisely the same as stated above, and the relation to him of the Clergy and Laity, is not thereby affected. Now what is there in all this which is so horribly inconsistent and unworthy of a Churchman?

But let me turn your attention the other way for a moment. In what sort of manner do *you* "bow to the decision of the Court?" Why, on page 2, you come right out against this very Court, whose act of *Suspension* has been ordered to be read in all the Churches as a matter of high authority, and threaten us thus: "*Unless the Bishop resign, or is by some other means displaced from the Episcopal seat, [where the Court decided he should be left,] HE WILL BE TRIED AGAIN!!*" Yes, this is just what one party would accomplish. The Bishop must be *degraded*. Degradation is their theme; it is their song—their *holiest* thought! But here again the *soul* is to be saved; and "*now or never*" is the watch-word! Of course, I am speaking of those whose *pious bearing*, in opposition to the Bishop, outstrips the bounds of all canonical restraint. Do they meet with one who loves the Bishop? They have no regard for his feelings, but immediately begin to tell how great is their grief that the Bishop's connection with the Diocese was not entirely severed by the action of the Court; and, next in order, the slanderous tongue is busy with the new reports on which it grounds the marvellous probability of a

new Trial. "Aye," verily, "these *are* the tactics!" Sir, did *you* ever have the misfortune to drop a silent tear upon a "*hard cheek*?" Tell me, then, which of the above classes bows with the most deference to the decision of the Court.

It is not within my province at this time, to discuss the guilt or innocence of the Bishop. I would only observe, that it is a wise and salutary maxim of Law, that "all doubts are to be given to the accused," that is, that he is to have the benefit of all doubtful points in the case,—and this on the ground that it is the duty of the accuser to prove *positive* guilt, inasmuch as he seeks to inflict positive punishment,—in a word, that a man is to be presumed innocent, until he is proved guilty: and having made this observation, let me ask, on what ground could a single vote have been cast against the Respondent, had the late Ecclesiastical Court been only so merciful as to proceed according to this righteous principle of action? Has there been any thing so full of *doubt*, from first to last, as the unprecedented and memorable action of that Court? You were *always* in doubt; John Jay was in doubt; Mr. Trapier and his South Carolinian colleagues were in doubt; the presenting Bishops were in doubt; and the majority of the Court who voted "*guilty*," were in doubt—so much so, indeed, that the vacillating character of some of their votes has thrown the *whole public mind* in doubt. We look in vain for the absence of doubt, unless we turn our anxious eyes towards the persecuted "six," whose unflinching firmness and decision will be long remembered and admired, even by those who find it hard to believe, that "*the name of the wicked shall rot*." And I know not how it can be otherwise;—for, having carefully perused the trial of the accused, I find it *apparent*, that the witnesses who have sworn to any thing material, have *prevaricated*,—so much so, that their testimony, *as a whole*, is incredible; and as *we* cannot say what part is to be rejected and what believed, we are forced to reject the whole, and find, as our verdict, that the charges are *not proved*.

I come now to the last page of Pamphlet No. 2, where I find "*that most unexceptionable of all witnesses, a private letter*."

I am really sorry to observe that in your haste to establish a fact, you have taken the liberty to present us with a private letter, written to you by Miss Jane O. Rudderow in the fall of 1843. Your object in so doing is to show that this lady was not on intimate terms with the Bishop *after* the alleged insult took place. And *what* does the letter prove? Why, it clearly establishes two facts,—neither of which, I think you will admit, is any thing like what you intended it *should* prove. In the first place, it proves that you have most cruelly violated the confidence reposed in you by this lady; and, in the second place, it proves that this lady must have been some time under your spiritual charge. I do not see that it proves any thing else. I consider this letter decidedly wanting in *taste*. It is very exceptionable in its phraseology, but by no means *malicious*, as you would seem to have it appear; and, considering that it was only designed for *your* inspection and personal gratification, I cannot even say that I regard its contents as in any way hostile to the Bishop. Taken as a *whole*, the style is *playful*, though exceedingly

bad. In these remarks, however, I merely intend to convey to you my own private opinion. Before I speak further on the subject, I will take the trouble to give you a copy of this tremendous epistle, as it appears in your pamphlet. It certainly *will* afford much gratification to “the *curious*.”

“ECHO HILL, October 4, 1843.

“Our Rt. Rev. Father, *Pope* Benjamin the 1st, was at Newburgh while we were; he heard of it, and sent *me* word, (Helen had returned home,) he was going to call; fortunately, he *had* to leave for Monticello on Monday, at 3 o'clock, which rendered it impossible for his *Holiness* to call. What do you think of *that*? Did you *ever* hear of such impudence? I certainly would have run into one of the neighbour's, [with whom I became intimate during my stay,] and of course *Mrs.* — *would have been obliged to entertain him.*”

And now let me adopt a sentiment of yours, and in your own language let me say,—“there it is, UNSUSPECTING, italics and all.”—It is, sir, the very “*unsuspicious*” character of this letter which renders it so utterly valueless as affording proof against the testimony of other witnesses. The letter does not detract *ought* from the testimony of the Rev. John Dowdney, nor can I think that this gentleman's placid countenance will ever be distorted by your insinuations, or that his temper will ever be ruffled by the Don Quixotte knight-errantry of Cedar Grove. Mr. Dowdney is a man of too much *nerve* to be at all affected by the old worn-out matter at the end of your pamphlet respecting the prowess of an old dame, which you would fain foist upon us as the sequel to the story of “ramming down cartridges,” and the *precise* application of which no individual is able to appreciate. I doubt whether you will ever receive another letter from the pen of Miss Jane O. Rudderow. If you do, my word for it, you will find nothing in it about the Bishop of New-York. She has found you out at last, though I think she has paid dearly for this *late* discovery; for every body will not think as I do about that letter. Some will put one construction upon it, and some another. With many, it will go down to posterity as the frivolous “*Echo*” of some enchanted “*Hill*;” whilst others will forever regard it as the index of your own heart.—the *fac simile* of yourself! Others will say—“This sounds *well*! It certainly looks as though it came from the pen of one of those ‘*courageous girls*’ spoken of on page 9 of Pamphlet No. 1.” Some, of less penetration, will hesitate awhile, and then exclaim,—“Oh, *now I remember*! Mr. Richmond says in the ‘Conspiracy Unravelled,’ that he could find but ‘*three females*’ in and around New-York who were worthy of the name of WOMAN. The lady that wrote this letter must have been one of *them*. He says also that he found ‘*cowards* in abundance;’ but it was *a rare thing* to find a female who would unblushingly *toe the mark*, and talk like a WOMAN. I cannot, therefore, but say, that in Mr. Richmond's estimation, *this* lady both *toed the mark* and talked like a woman.”

And so will it ever be; *a rare thing indeed*, to find a young lady who had so learned CHRIST, that she could *playfully* and *innocently* ridicule her Bishop in a private letter to her friend and pastor!

I cannot better close this letter than by referring, for a moment, to page 4 of Pamphlet No. 2, wherein you have endeavoured to exalt

yourself in the estimation of your friends by venturing to “speak as a fool” in admiration of your “*self-devotion*.” You say rather pompously, “*I follow a great example when I speak as a fool*.”—Now, sir, you seem to forget that the “great example” you would follow whenever you *strive* so to speak, was never in the habit of yielding, even for a single moment, the sacred character of his office, for the disgraceful purpose of indulging himself in that brazen style which is so well adapted to the licentious tone of your periodical essays; or, that he never once attempted to “dissipate the smoke which his sharp-eyed enemies mistook for a fire,” by calling into requisition, as you have done, every ribald joke and vulgar pun which might *reasonably* pass through your brain as an original gem. If I should be allowed to indulge myself in a *pun*, I would say, that the spirit which animates you is eminently worthy of a *pall*! But, sir, strip your productions of these false embellishments; subject yourself to an “humble, holy, and obedient walking before God,”—and, my word for it, no man of common sense will ever be able to discern aught in your writings in any way prejudicial to the Bishop or his friends. I trust I have now said enough to satisfy you that I might impatiently exclaim, in your own borrowed language,—

“The times are out of joint, O cursed spite,  
That I was ever born to set you right.”

It is said by many that you are about to make some “awful disclosures” respecting the Bishop of Maryland. If this be *true*, I have only to suggest that you look well to the truth of your *premises* before you suffer your judgment to hurry you into *conclusions*. If *not*, you may possibly subject yourself to the mortification of being no longer able to vent your spleen upon those distinguished gentlemen who composed the minority of the Court in the recent trial, and who were heartless enough to say that the testimony in the case was such as obliged them to find the Respondent *not guilty* of the charges preferred against him.

I regret to find that because you have chosen to write under your own name, you have also taken the liberty to remark with much severity upon *all anonymous writers*.

I need not remind you that all men are not as modest as yourself; nor will I take the trouble to make you familiar with the reasons urged by *literary* men for writing in this anonymous way. But, if my name can be of any service to you, I trust you will have the goodness to *name* the circumstance, as I may be induced to furnish you with it at some future time.

Permit me, Reverend sir, before I take leave of you, to suggest that you desist from your purpose of daring *gentlemen* to meet, gravely, your aggravating charges. Remember, that an off-set to any thing you can say, may be found in the fact, that *you* will never *dare* to deny that you have, *yourself*, taken *liberties* with ladies of your own parish;—liberties, which, if taken by the Bishop, would be speedily marked by you, as offences of a criminal nature. Is it not so?

Yours, &c.,

A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

March 3, 1845.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*Between the Rev. James C. Richmond and Thomas C. Butler, Esq.  
from the New-York Express.*

*Providence, January 25th, 1845.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EXPRESS.—In the Express of the 18th inst., (which I have only this moment seen,) it is stated, by a "Fellow Churchman," that I "solemnly denied," in the presence of witnesses at the Episcopal Depository, what in the pamphlet ("Conspiracy," &c.) I had stated. Now, I "solemnly deny" any such solemn denial. I knew very well that a letter sent to me from that Depository was a sort of trap; but not being afraid of traps, (for I tell the truth, and *she* always agrees with *herself*;) I went to the "Depository," and beholding the witnesses sitting, one of whom was the Rev. John Dowdney, I knew immediately that the object was to catch me in my words. If *ever*, therefore, I *should* have been guarded in my words. But Truth does not require her words to be guarded. I *did* tell Mr. Butler that "if he would go aside with me, I would tell him privately what I saw in the carriage." Was this "*denying*" what I have stated in the Pamphlet?

All who attack me will be so kind as to send me a copy of the paper, for I have too much to do, to run about after the abuse, though I like it, when it comes.

For the information of the curious in such matters, I will simply add, that many "nice" statements and inuendoes made lately, *anonymously*, will perhaps be pleasantly met, by *the fact* that twenty-four gentlemen of the city of New-York, (of whom Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq., was one,) have repeatedly appointed me Chaplain of the Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale.

Now, I freely and merrily confess myself *crazy*, which I never knew another lunatic willing to do. All *lies* about me are requested not to be *anonymus*; as to the rest, it may be named or nameless.

Yours, respectfully,

JAMES C. RICHMOND.

P. S. Messrs. Editors, if you do not publish the whole, please (in justice) make some statement. Pray insert the fact about my five years' appointment as Chaplain at Bloomingdale, &c.

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TO THE REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND.

In the Express of the 30th instant, you have taken the liberty of associating my name with the design of using a "trap." I beg leave to say to you, it is a meanness I feel incapable of resorting to.

My note to you was written the morning I read your publication, in which I pointed out what I deemed a discrepancy between what you voluntarily said in a conversation commenced by yourself, before your pamphlet went into the hands of the printer, and what was expressed in that pamphlet.

You stated explicitly to me that you knew nothing of the charge against the Bishop in relation to Miss R.—until fifteen months after the occurrence—not until after your return from Europe,—that you had not concealed it, for within six hours of the time when you first knew of it, you communicated it to a Presbyterian by letter, which letter was still in existence.

In your pamphlet, published about a week after that conversation, I read, "that thirteen or fourteen months after my return from England, I was at the house of Mr. R.," &c., and to Miss R. I said suddenly, "what did the Bishop do to you in the wagon when I was driving?" and in allusion to which occurrence I also read, "it revealed itself, for it must not be forgotten that I was so confounded by what I saw in the carriage," &c.

As I could not reconcile to my own satisfaction how you could know nothing of an offence until fifteen months after it occurred, and yet had a personal know-

ledge, being an eye-witness of an immorality of so gross a nature as to reveal itself and confound you, I closed my note by saying, "you being a presbyter and I only a layman, I appeal to your kindness to put me right in what appears paradoxical: A line in reply will oblige respectfully, yours."

If you can see a "trap" in the last line, I admit your eyesight is younger and clearer than mine. I intended none. I had no expectation of seeing you, the Rev. Mr. Dowdney, or either of the gentlemen that happened to be in the Depository.

If there was a trap, it must have been most badly set; for the bait and the spring were at least forty-five feet apart during the whole of your visit to me, while you were making an explanation of the apparent contradictions, the burden of which was, "why! he was my bishop." In answer to your inquiry, whether your explanation was satisfactory, I explicitly stated it was not.

You admitted the correctness of my statement as to our previous conversation, and did volunteer to tell me what you did see, "provided I would pledge myself not to disclose it to any other person." I declined becoming such depository—you repeated it again and again, and said that at any time I wished, you would make the communication.

You are not as *knowing*, my good sir, as you say you are; for your declaration, "I knew immediately that their object was to catch me in my words," is gratuitously untrue.

I neither invited you, nor expected you to favour me with a call. I had no expectations of any witness, and by holding all my conversation with you at one end of a room 50 feet deep, your witnesses, by imagination, being at the other extreme, did not exhibit as much cunning as I think would have been the case had the trap been wholly yours.

In relation to the anonymous publication, I never wrote it, never knew of it, never heard of it, never saw it, until in print; and I have ascertained that neither of your imaginative witnesses know any thing of it or its author, who is, I have since learned, a layman.

In relation to the unhappy matters in our diocese, I have not written a line, and I am well satisfied, it would be more creditable to some others if they could say the same.

Respectfully, yours,

THOS. C. BUTLER.

January 30.

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TO THOMAS C. BUTLER, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—Had you been kind enough, according to my request, made in the same letter (in the Express) which you have answered, to send me a "copy of the newspaper," I should have written an earlier reply. I heard there was an attack on me in the Express, and was under the necessity of sending to a friend in New-York, and have this moment, after fourteen days, received a copy of that paper, of Jan. 31, containing the letter to me, which I now proceed to answer. My friends, and yourself I am most happy to count among that number, will take notice by this that I see few newspapers, and they will not, therefore, suppose that all things unanswered are, for that reason, necessarily true.

If you will read again my letter to the editors, you will find that I have said nothing of a "trap," in connection with your honoured self. At farthest, I thought you had been induced to write a letter to me in good faith: but that others expected some result from that letter, which result, it appears, never was in your mind. I never did, and do not now, think you capable of such meanness as some others have been willing to display in this melancholy business. I forgive, therefore, all your tartness in replying to a supposed insinuation; but wonder how you should think an old friend and correspondent could ever imagine such a thing of you.

But now to the main matter. If you are yet unable to comprehend how a person, firm in his confidence in another's integrity, can have that confidence suddenly assailed, and made to totter almost to its overthrow, so as to feel compelled, in self-defence, to watch that person's demeanour in his own house narrowly, and at length, on a hint from the insulted lady, to demand (for this reason) a disclosure; if you cannot see that a Presbyter may be slow in believing anything

against his Bishop, even under such evidence as it would be difficult to explain by words, and yet feel that he had not attained to such a degree of knowledge, absolute knowledge, as he ought to have, before speaking of such a matter; if all this be beyond your power of comprehension, I can only say that the truth in this case cannot be understood by you.

More I could, but at present shall not add, to explain how it revealed itself, and simply maintain that the only discrepancy is this. I said fifteen months to you, and so wrote in the pamphlet, and on revision found it would be more exact to write thirteen or fourteen. If you did not wish me to speak only before witnesses, why refuse a private communication on a subject upon which you had requested information from me?

So far from being of your opinion, that it would be "more creditable to some not to have written a line upon this subject," I found it absolutely necessary, on the receipt of the Bishop's (mis)-"statement" respecting me, to set down and pen a reply, dated January 31st, which, to my surprise, seems to be remarkably delayed in the Press; for though I corrected the proof-sheet on the 4th instant, the pamphlet has not yet reached me. As I am defending myself at arms' length, you will therefore excuse me if I correct a couple of mis-statements in the late Bishop's notice of me, which mistakes have been, I hear, widely circulated.

1. I deny absolutely that I ever expressed "a warm desire," or any desire, "to return to his diocese." I asked him once if he wanted me? But I did not mean to come.

2. I never told him I would "be his friend and stand by him in his troubles."

3. I do not know what I might have said to the Rev. Mr. Van Bokkelen, about my "expenses being paid;" but I know that they never have been paid, and probably never will be, and that nobody has broken any promises, or disregarded any hints to me on that subject. All these matters are fully explained in the pamphlet which will come soon, if it has not been issued already, according to letters I received on the 4th from Messrs. Burgess, Stringer & Co. The delay is yet unaccounted for.

Yours, sincerely and respectfully,

JAMES C. RICHMOND.

CEDAR GROVE, Providence, February 14, 1845.

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REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND—

Dear Sir: I am pained at seeing your communication in the "Express" of this morning, which nothing but the cause of truth compels me publicly to notice, not in defence of myself, but of others, whom you again unjustly assail.

You exonerate me from the meanness of having set the "trap" respecting which you asserted you "knew immediately that the only object was to catch me in my words." What constituted the trap? Whose object was it to catch you? What did you mean in your publication in the Express of the 30th of January, and re-publication of it in your pamphlet No. 2, when you speak of the "trap?" And what do you now mean in speaking of your positive and gross assertion as a "supposed insinuation?" Can it bear any other construction than that I had set a trap, and prepared witnesses to catch you?

On Monday morning, the 13th of January, I purchased your pamphlet. Immediately after reading it, I addressed you my note, and sent it by a boy to Burgess and Stringer's. You happened to be there, and within an hour called in person upon me; not a living soul knew of my letter, but the boy who took it.

After exculpating me from the meanness of the trap, which you knew was to catch you, you bring the charge against me in this very communication: "If you did not wish me to speak only before witnesses, why refuse a private communication on a subject upon which you had requested information from me?" I reply, I had not asked you to speak at all; I sought no personal interview. I had merely requested a line in reply, that what appeared to me paradoxical, might by you be explained. I had neither doubted your veracity nor your memory. Your explanation of what you did see, failed to satisfy me that the two assertions could be reconciled; and I declined becoming a secret depository of what you

proposed to say you actually did see, because, if it was so convincing as you implied, it would have made a wider chasm still in your two positions.

You are in error in saying you asked me to step aside; we were not within the hearing of witnesses, and we could not go further aside from them, unless we went into the street.

In the Express of the 30th January, you made an attack upon myself as the trappist, and the Rev. Mr. Dowdney as the witness. On that same day I wrote, not an attack, but a reply to one. It was published the next morning; and, as I learn, more than thirty copies of that journal go daily to Providence, it seems difficult to account for the fact, that no good-natured friend had furnished you with one of each of those papers. A very little curiosity might have led you to the belief that such an attack might possibly have received an answer.

You have corrected an error of memory in your present publication. "I said 15 months to you, and so wrote in my pamphlet, and on revision found it would be more exact to write 13 or 14." If I have read rightly, it was on the 13th June, 1841, you saw the occurrence; and in May, 1843, you had the interview with Miss R., a period of very nearly two years.

The other matters not relevant to me in your letter, I beg to notice numerically, as you have placed them, that in your first interview in January, you did explicitly say to me—

1. "I did call on the Bishop, (6,) and told him I wished to return to his diocese."
2. "I told him, by returning to it, I could do him a great deal of good."
- "I did inquire if there was any vacant parish in his diocese," &c.
3. "I did receive a letter from Philadelphia, requesting me to go on, and that my expenses should be paid," &c.

To my letter addressed to you the 15th inst., by mail, I refer you for fuller detail than I have any wish to place before the public. I attack no one, nor have I any thirst for such fame.

With my best wishes that you may turn to a better mind, I am respectfully  
yours,  
THOMAS C. BUTLER.